

THE VINITA DAILY CHIEFTAIN.

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THE WICHITA LIAR.

Passing of the Greatest Newspaper Fakir of Recent Times.

Wichita, Kansas, has been headquarters for fifteen years of the most picturesque crowd of newspaper fakirs in America. Hundreds of thrilling stories have been written of purely imaginary events and sold to enterprising papers from coast to coast. So carefully have these stories been prepared they have deceived the best newspaper men in the country, and been accepted as genuine until recently, when a Philadelphia paper, angered at being imposed upon, urged an Indian agent against whom murder had been charged in a "fake" story, to cause the arrest of the writer, on a charge of criminal libel.

The arrest will probably put a quietus on Wichita "fakes," the list of which includes many lurid and thrilling stories, born in the imagination. One of the most fantastic of these was the story of Rosa Whiteface, an educated Indian girl, whom the fakirs wrote had been traded by her drunken father to a besotted blanket Indian for a pony and a jug of whiskey and was to be forced into a marriage with the old sot. Tears and thrills were written into the story so effectively that a religious paper in New York wired Major E. E. Woodson, the Indian agent at Fort Reno, to prevent the union and it would pay all expenses. The same paper sent a representative to call on President Cleveland, and the Indian department was instructed to investigate. Of course Rosa Whiteface was imaginary. There was no basis for the story, but the fakirs made big money several days while it lasted.

The most harrowing story probably, was of the pretty little year-old boy, who fell first into a small bored well 100 feet deep. The fakirs located the story way out in the arid lands of Kansas, told how the frenzied parents and horrified neighbors stood helplessly around the well as the child was slowly sliding down the well calling more and more faintly for the parents. The story was accepted and displayed by many eastern papers.

One of the most revolting stories the fakirs sent out was one telling how a young married couple depending their honeymoon in a "dugout" had been killed by rattlesnakes. It was an ingenious story. Parents of the bride and groom owned ranches adjoining. Broad acres from each farm had been given to the couple, and a "dugout" home prepared in the side of a steep hill. In this hill the fakirs located a great din of the poisonous rattlesnakes. Warmed into life by the fire in the dugout and angered at being disturbed, thousands of snakes invaded the home, and when the parents of the couple called the day after the wedding, the room was full of hissing, slimy reptiles and the poisoned, bloated bodies of the unfortunate pair were found. This story was sold broadcast all over the country.

The fakirs sent out a story one night telling how a depot at a little station on the Santa Fe road had dropped out of sight during the night. A great pool of murky water marked the place.

Stories of enormous gold finds in the Wichita mountains were worked over and over with thrilling features of savage attacks by Indians on luckless prospectors found by the Indians in the sacred precincts.

The story of Olawatonga, the Indian baseball player, roused the heat. According to the story, Olawatonga had killed another Indian. Of course, it was all over a fair Indian maiden, and the man

took his death sentence like a grim stoic. He belonged to a famous Indian baseball team, and according to Indian law was permitted to remain at liberty until the day set for his death, the Indian tribunal depending on his honor to return at the hour he was to be shot. This story was a hummer. A Kansas City syndicate hired the Indian ball team, toured Kansas and Missouri and cleared \$10,000 in a summer. At Kansas City 5,000 people paid to see the game, and the man who posed as Olawatonga was the object of interest. He was never sentenced to death, the story being purely a fanciful creation.

Hundreds of others equally as good have been sent out, and have caused thrills, tears and heartaches all over the country, but the end has probably been reached.

What the Papers Say.

The man or newspaper that claims that a majority or a respectable per cent of Cherokee citizens desire a continuance of the present Interior department—Dawes Commission—form of government, is either ignorant of the wishes of the Cherokee people or they are benefited by the present un-American condition, or they are perched square up to the pie counters and know that a change means their retirement to the solitude of public life.—Claremore Progress.

The entire press of Indian Territory, with few exceptions of a trivial character, espouse statehood with Oklahoma. It is the Indian's only hope, the white man's only chance, to escape the reign of carpetbaggers in this country, and thus put a stop to tricksters here who would hold office and ply their vocations for years and years, until every Indian in this country was robbed and its white citizens and residents are pauperized.—Sallisaw Star.

If any improvement is noted in the Register in the near future our readers may ascribe such improvement to the fact that we now have a little more time to devote to the paper, no longer having to waste a few moments each day in the attempt to find something original in the Ardmoreite. That paper has cut the Register off from its exchange list.—Purcell Register.

A Startling Discovery.

Within the past few days a star of magnificent brilliancy has appeared to most of our readers. On close examination it proves to be Marie Lamour starring in "A Wise Woman." Manager Butler says that by this discovery we are placed in possession of observation which proves that this luminary is approaching with great velocity, and that she will be distinctly visible to the people of this city in her radiance at an early date.

R. H. Foster, 318 S. 2d Street, Sait Lake City, writes: "I have been bothered with dyspepsia or indigestion for 21 years, have tried many doctors without relief, but I have found a cure in Herbine. I recommend it to all my friends, who are afflicted that way, and it is curing them too." 50c at People's drug store. dw

Saved At Grave's Brink.

"I know I would long ago have been in my grave," writes Mrs. S. H. Newsum, of Decatur, Ala., "if it had not been for Electric Bitters. For three years I suffered untold agony from the worst forms of indigestion, water-brash, stomach and bowel dyspepsia. But this excellent medicine did me a world of good. Since using it I can eat heartily and have gained 35 pounds." For indigestion, loss of appetite, stomach, liver and kidney troubles Electric Bitters are a positive guaranteed cure. Only 50c at People's and A. W. Foreman's drug stores. dw

We received today six, only, Cole's original Hot Blast stores—the real coal savers. If you want one speak before they are all gone. E. Lee Manufacturing Co.

PLAY BILLIARDS.

French Physicians Are Sorry That the Game Is Declining in the French Mills.

Somebody has discovered that people in France are not playing billiards so much as they did formerly. Over this announcement has arisen a lamentation.

Physicians have joined in it as well as lay admirers of the game. They declare that its disappearance would be a misfortune from a sanitary point of view.

The game, they say, gives just the exercise they need to a great number of people who without it would take no exercise at all. While involving no severe physical exertion, it keeps the muscles in shape, stimulates the circulation, helps the digestion and requires just enough mental effort to give the nervous system a rest from the ordinary worries of life. In proof of all of which they cite the good spirits usually exhibited about a billiard table.

For elderly people, for the stout who cannot take much exercise, billiards is pronounced an excellent tonic. So the friends of the game are preaching a revival of its popularity.

Unconscious Humor.

Certificates of death are not documents where one usually seeks for humor, but there is frequently to be found in them much of the unconscious variety, says Pearson's Weekly. Here, for instance, is how the cause of death is stated in the case of a laborer: "Died from injuries received through a bull accidentally kneeling on his chest." The consideration shown for the feelings of the bull is a fine touch, and suggests grave questions on the moral responsibility of the lower animals. Again, a man is stated to have died "from the effects of injuries received after being run over by a railroad train in motion, owing to a misunderstanding between deceased and an engine driver." This description of a rather ordinary railway casualty is excellent; it, too, is so tender toward the feelings of the living.

Lost Jewelry in Laundry.

Before sending linen to the laundry look every piece over for forgotten collar buttons and stick pins. The laundries are repositories of more lost articles of this description than is dreamed of by the public. Every day quantities of gold and jeweled articles are picked up. Some of them are identified and restored, but more are simply pocketed by the finders. Money was frequently found in the pockets of washable waistcoats worn last summer.

JUMPING THE DEER.

One of the Most Thrilling Experiences Which Befall the Hunter of Big Game.

"Jumping a deer" is a highly-attraction phrase, quite apt to make a tingling in the back hair of the tenderfoot who hears it for the first time. It is also intensely satisfactory to the chap who always has to shave before noon, says Outing. You may, indeed, get a good shot in this way, and it is generally the only way to see the grandest of all the sights of the woods—deer running through a windfall. To see the glossy curves of fur curl over the lofty logs that lie piled on each other in boundless confusion is well worth a trip to the woods, while for him who loves the rifle as I do, more for what cannot be done with it than for what can, there is no such target elsewhere. But for the tyro who is dying to get that first deer "jumping a deer" generally means out of sight and out of hearing both. For the deer that goes off to lie down after feeding does not go to sleep, but to ruminate and take life easy.

Once in a great while one falls into a doze, but almost always the head is well erect and all senses keen for danger. And even if one is in a doze it may slip away without your suspecting its existence, for sleep deadens little of the senses of this wary animal. The man who "wouldn't shoot such an innocent creature as a deer" should by all means see one getting out of a heavy windfall, while the man who loves game that can get away can here find the attraction of the woods at its climax.

Giant Butter Makers.

Dairies of the twentieth century are great factories full of machinery. Instead of being skimmed the milk is put into a centrifugal apparatus, which, after a few whirls, separates the cream and the milk, even to the uttermost particle. When it comes to the butter making the contrivances employed are equally astonishing. It is interesting to consider how, within hardly more than a quarter of a century, the primitive churn, manipulated with a dasher by the hands of the robust country milkmaid, has developed into a machine of such formidable proportions, capable of turning out thousands of pounds of butter daily.—N. Y. Herald.

We wish you a Happy New Year. Freeze Hardware & Furniture Co.

The New Year

is just about here

How about your Groceries? Have you been getting them here? If you have not now is the time to begin. Try some of our canned goods, Ferndell Brand Asparagus, June Peas, Pickles, Etc., and in selecting some of these you are sure to find what will please you—come and see us

telephone 26

Badgett-Sanders Mercantile Company.

A Cold Wave.

The forecast of sudden changes in the weather serves notice that a hoarse voice and a heavy cough may invade the sanctity of health in your own home. Cautious people have a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure always at hand. E. H. Wise, Madison, Ga., writes: "I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my present good health, and probably my life." It cures coughs, colds, lagrippe, bronchitis, pneumonia and all throat and lung troubles. One Minute Cough Cure cuts the phlegm, draws out the inflammation, heals and soothes the mucous membranes and strengthens the lungs. A. W. Foreman. dw

Lost or Stolen.

One imitation leather telescope, 10 x16, at Katy depot on the morning of Dec. 23, 1902. Contents: one Webster dictionary with a little brown back book on inside marked on back "Maps Sold," "Department of the Interior." One pair black trousers, brown leggings, patent leather shoes brand "Edwin Clapp," shirts, collars, cuffs, etc. \$5 reward for telescope and contents. Address W. L. MARTIN, Townsite Clerk, Muskogee, Ind. Ter. d68

Coughs, Colds and Constipation.

Few people realize when taking cough medicines other than Foley's Honey and Tar, that they contain opiates which are constipating besides being unsafe, particularly for children. Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates, is safe and sure and will not constipate. Sold by People's drug store. dw

Foils a Deadly Attack.

"My wife was so ill that good physicians were unable to help her," writes M. M. Austin, of Winchester, Ind., "but was completely cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills." They work wonders in stomach and liver troubles. Cure constipation, sick headache. 25c at People's and A. W. Foreman's drug stores. dw

Report from the Reform School.

J. G. Gluck Superintendent, Pruntytown, W. Va., writes: "After trying all other advertised cough medicines we have decided to use Foley's Honey and Tar exclusively in the West Virginia Reform School. I find it the most effective and absolutely harmless." Sold by People's drug store. dw

A Timely Topic.

At this season of coughs and colds it is well to know that Foley's Honey and Tar is the greatest throat and lung remedy. It cures quickly and prevents serious results from a cold. Sold by People's drug store. dw

Rose's News and Book Store

Special Sale of Books.

From now until January 1, 1903,

150 Juvenile books from 5c to 35c....	1-4 off
200 Cloth-bound books, regular price 25c; now.....	14c
150 Cloth-bound books, regular price, 35c, now.....	19c
45 Cloth-bound, gilt-edge books, regular price, 75c, now.....	45c
30 Cloth-bound, gilt-edge books, regular price, \$1.00, now.....	65c

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